

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

ENGLISH NATION.

Thursday, February 6. 1706.

I Have been telling you in my last of the Difficulties, this grand Affair of Uniting the Nations has met with in *Scotland*; and indeed I do but touch it, because I purpose to be more large on that Head in another Place. The Matter deserves a History by it self, 'tis fit the World should have an Account, how the Party, that have opposed the general Peace of their native Country, should be describ'd both in their Persons, Characters and Actions; and if I do not do them Justice, I am very much mistaken.

'Tis a Debt due to the Reputation of their Cause, that the World should know, what Struggles it made, what Convulsions it felt, what Devils it rais'd, what Fury it was in, e're it expi'd — The hundred-Headed Beast, call'd Tyranny, grew sick on

the first Approach of Liberty, and the Revolution was a bitter Draught to it, which threw it into Vomitings, Swoonings, and continual Fits.

All *Britain* has shook, at the Roaring it has made, and the Ravings of the Distemper have had but few Intermissions; some Efforts it has made, and those not inconsiderable; Such as (1.) a sham Treaty of Union, about four Years since contriv'd to blast and prevent a real One. (2.) Shortest Ways, *Oxford* Firebrands holding up bloody Flags. (3.) Tackings, Occasional Bills, and their Appendices, and some Hopes it had from *Jacobitism* and *Northern* Prelacy: But when it felt the mortal Scabb of a real Union touch its Vitals, when it appear'd wisely concerted, closely pursued, and resolutely carry'd on — Good GOD! What Frenzies,

Frenzies, what Deliriums, what Extravagancies possess'd the Creature; if Creature it may be call'd, which we talk of, I mean, Tyranny!

It mov'd all the Powers of Men and Devils, that were within its Reach; it frighted the innocent, allarm'd the guilty; it cry'd out Bondage to the Lovers of Liberty, Poverty to the Rich, Episcopacy to the Presbyterian, Kirk-Tyranny to the Prelatist; it rais'd Jealousies of every Minister, suited to the Fears of those it apply'd to; the Poor were to have no Salt; the Labourer no Work; the Drunkard no Ale; the Landlord no Victuals; the Highland Man was told, he should be made to lay aside his Durk and his broad Sword; the Cities were to be ruin'd for want of Trade; the Lands to be beggar'd, that is, made fruitful; the Soldiers to be disbanded; the Gentlemen to want Commissions, nay, the very Ladies were frighted, and told even in Parliament, that they should get no Husbands.

Mobbs, Tumults, Rabbles, and universal Murmurs were rais'd as far as possible, and by all means possible, that the Patriots of Peace and Union, and the Men, whose Eyes were open'd to their Countries good, might be clamour'd out of it, terrified from their Duty, and made shy of the Work for Fear of the Risque.

But like the Ravings of a Fever, when the Malignity ascends from the Blood to the Brain, as the Vapour spends, Life declines, and the Patient expires; so here the Fumes of that inflam'd Blood are spent, and the Strength exhausted, and now the Monster decays, and its Funeral is at hand.

Now, Gentlemen, in *England* it is coming to be your Turn; what the Operation may be here, no Man can yet tell; but this let me caution all People of, *viz.* not to expect, but the Party will make great Struggles here too, their Cause will never expire without some Pangs, and they must be expected to labour hard, if possible, to overthrow the projected Happiness of the Nation.

In order therefore to fortifie every Man's Mind against the Suggestions of the Party, I must take upon me a little to premise some

things by Way of Preparation, that it may be no Surprize to any Body.

1. Gentlemen, expect, I entreat you, all the Railery at the *Scots* Nation, that you can suppose, Malice and Envy can forge or prepare, bringing up all the Stories true and false, both of the Country and the People, the Climate, their Trade, their Manner, Constitution, Temper, and what not; for Envy always goes with her Mouth open, and the very Nature of the thing directs you to expect it.

This was the very Method they took first in *Scotland*, railing at the *English* as faithless, treacherous, tyrannical, covetous, and encroaching; a Nation of Crime, and infamous for tollerating of Vice, not fit to be trusted on their Words; that would keep no Conditions, pay nothing they contracted for; that had National Sins too great for any Christian to think it safe to unite with.

England is mightily beholden to Mr. *H--s* on this Account, who, tho' he eats his Bread at her Cost, has fill'd the Ears of his Country-men with this Kind of Oratory on the poor *English* Nation.

This Sort of Treatment therefore must be expected upon *Scotland*, and the Reason is plain in *Solomon*, whose Words on another Occasion suit the Party I am speaking of, *viz.* That their Mouths are full of Curping and Bitterness.

That you may not be surpriz'd therefore, I offer this Caution; expect the Party to rail at the *Scots*, and trampling them down on all Occasions, expose them as a Race unfit to be concern'd with.

2. Expect, Gentlemen, infinite Scandals, Forgeries, and Falsties of *Scotland* and *Scots* Men, and expect too, that I shall even in this Paper have the Honour of detecting, exposing and explaining some of them; in which Work I hope, no Man will grudge me the Liberty of defending the *Scots* or any Nation in the World, that I find injur'd; since the Defence of Truth is the War, this Paper shall ever be engag'd in.

And for this Reason, Gentlemen, I presented you with the Dialogue between the *Jacobite* and *Presbyterian*, under which parabolical Discourse is couch'd the real Matter of Fact; how in the Beginning of that Matter,

Matter there, the *Jacobites* set all their Wits at Work to possess the well meaning, but zealous *Presbyterians*, that they would be undone by the Union, that it would involve the Nation in Perjury, destroy their Covenant, let in the Bishops, and enslave them to the Episcopal Church of *England*.

Just as in the Dialogue, the poor Men were deluded for a Time, and the Artifice brought them to the very Brink; but looking by the glancing tho' dim Light of their own Experience down into the Gulph, they soon saw there Popery, Tyranny, *French* Government, *French* Refugee Kings, and all the formidable Devils, that lay couch'd under the gawdy Out-side of Liberty.

As soon as the honest *Presbyterians* saw this, they immediately fall off, their Design was too honest to join with the Party, that Party too weak to do the Work without them, and even too cowardly to embark with them, and thus the Project dropt; the honest *Cameronian* goes his Way, and the cunning wheedling *Jacobite* is left, just where he found him; only his Craft is discover'd, the Snare is broken, and the foolish People escap'd.

And now they rail as much at the *Presbyterians*, as they cajoled them before; and when they complain of any thing they do not like, they upbraid them with not taking Advice, or in short, not taking Counsel, and taking Arms against the Government.

Was ever such Pageantry seen in the World? Here's Allegiance, roll'd in a Blanket, Loyalty sew'd with its Bottom upward, and all Nature inverted! Here's Passive Obedience pressing the People to take Arms, and Non-Resistance raising Rebellion! Help S—d, help B—ch, R—ch, and B—y, and all the Railers at Rebels. Hear, O Heavens, and give Ear, O Earth! Here's the *Presbyterian* preserves his Loyalty, and the *Episcoparian* raises Rebellion; the Meeting-house loyal, and the Steeple rebellious. Here's *Jure Divino* Work with a Witness, the World cannot but entertain admirable Notions of these People; that to day cry up their Princes, as GODS, and to morrow excite Nations to take Arms in their Hands, and use Force against their Masters!

Such retrograde things are Men, who for Want of Principles fall back from what they always pretended, and are not ashamed at once to fly in the Face of the Doctrines they themselves at another time broach in the World.

But having thus brought the Union forward to a Conclusion on the Part of *Scotland*, I am call'd upon by the Course of these Sheets to end this Volume; which has now out-run its usual Length, and on this Occasion risen to 16 Numbers more than at first design'd; I shall therefore make this a Period for the third Volume, and the fourth will begin, what I have to say on the Part of *England*; the next *Review* will contain the Title and Preface to the Work, and consequently finish the third Volume.

The End of the third Volume.

Whereas a malicious Report has been spread about, that the Author of the *Review* being in *Scotland*, the *REVIEW* is not written by the same Person, as usual—this is carefully handed about to lessen the Reputation and Value of the said Papers, and to assure the World, that no Person has or ever had any Concern in the said Paper Entitled the *REVIEW*, that the Author D. F.——— that wherever the Author may be, the Papers are wrote with his own Hand, and the Originals may be seen at the Printers.

Secondly, the Judgment of the Gentlemen, that spread this Report, must be very good; that can neither guess at the Style, nor guess by the Story or Manner of it both, whether it be the Author's, and where the Author is.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Just Publish'd,

CALDONIA, a Poem, in Honour of *Scotland*, and the *Scots* Nation. Dedicated to the Duke of *Queensberry*, Her Majesty's High-Commissioner; and wrote as well to do Justice to that abus'd Country, as to let some Gentlemen in *England* know, the *Scots* are a Nation worth Uniting with. By the Author of the *True-Born-Englishman*. Printed for J. Morphet near Stationers-Hall.